

Kingston Trio, The

"Rusing In The Rain"

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Rod McKuen

The old gate is rusting in the rain.
Children, comin' home from school,
no longer skim their pebbles on the old town creek
That just around the bend becomes a pool.

Chorus:
And we've all grown older.
Come see where we have been out here rusting in the
rain.

The old house is creaking in the rain.
Lovers, comin' down the hill, no longer stop to linger by
the old dead tree
They took away for lumber to the mill.

(Chorus, twice)

The old world is dying in the rain.
The summer coming, every year,
no longer stops to wonder as it goes along its way
Did anybody ever leave here?

(Chorus, twice)

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